

Mad Tom o'Bedlam

Gm *Bb* *D* *D* *Gm*

Forth from my sad and dark - some cell, From the deep a - byss of Hell,
Last night I heard the dog - star bark, Mars met Ve - nus in the dark,

Gm *F* *Bb* *C* *Gm* *D* *G*

Mad Tom is come to view the world a - gain, To see if he can ease his dis - tem - per'd brain.
Limp - ing Vul - can beat an i - ron bar, And fu - ri - ous - ly made at the great god of war.

Gm *Bb* *D* *D* *Gm*

Fear and des - pair pur - sue my soul. Hark! How the an - gry Fu - ries how!
Mars with his wea - pon laid a - bout, Limp - ing Vul - can has got the gout:

Gm *F* *Bb* *C* *Gm* *D* *G*

Plu - to laughs, and Pros - pe - rine is glad, To see poor nak - ed Tom of Bed - lam mad.
His broad horns did hang so in his light, That he could not see t'aim his blows a - right.

Gm *F* *D* *Gm* *D*

Through the woods I wan - der night and day To find my stragg - ling sen - ses.
Mer - cu - ry, the nim - ble post of heav'n, Stood still to see the quar - rel;

Gm *F* *D* *Gm* *D*

In an an - gry mood I found Old Time With his Pen - ta - teuch of tens - es; When
Gor - rel - bel - ly'd Bac - chus, gi - ant - like, Be - strid a strong - beer bar - rel; To

D Gm F Bb D Gm

me he spies, a-way he flies For time will stay for no man; In vain with cryes I rend the skies, For
me he drank, I did him thank, But I could drink no ci-der, He drank whole butts, Till he burst his guts, But

F Bb Gm F Gm D Bb F Gm D Gm F Gm D

pi - ty is not com-mon. Cold and com - fort - less I lie, Help! O help!
mine was ne'er the wid - er. Po - or Tom is ver - y dry; A lit-tle drink

Bb F Gm D G C G

Or else I die. Hark! I hear A - pol - lo's team, The car - man 'gins to whis - tle;
for char - i - ty. Hark, I hear Ac - te - on's hounds, The hunts - man whoops and hal - loes.

G C G

Chaste Di - an - a bends her bow, The boar be - gins to bristle
Ring - wood, Rock - wood, Jowl - er, Bow - man, All the chase doth follow

G G G D D D

Come, Vul - can, with tools and with tack - les, To shake off my
The man in the moon and drinks clar - et, Eats pow - der'd beef,

D Am Am C C G

trou - ble-some shack-les; Let Char - les make read - y his wain
tur - nip, and car - rot, But a cup of Mal - a - ga sack

G G G D4/3sus G G

To bring me my sen - ses a - gain.
Will fire the bush at his back.